

An End to All Things

WHEN they parted he had fallen at her feet and kissed the hem of her dress. How ridiculous a demonstration it appeared to him to-day, and yet he dreaded to meet her again. She had treated him atrociously she had considered at the time. Enklished, she had amused herself with him, and then given him his congee. She was a married woman and he had been a boy.

He recalled every incident of the farewell. A youthful passion it may have been, but he could not dispute it even now—it was a passion that left its mark.

There had been a conservatory opening out of the rooms she occupied. It was in the conservatory that he had made himself the most absurd—there, and for a moment at the piano, at which she had seated herself indifferently, and where he had knelt to her like a lover in "The London Journals." She had strolled along, smiling at the flowers, saying cruel things to him in her new and careless voice, and he had followed her wistfully like a whipped dog, pleading to be readmitted to favor. A spray of fern that she had dropped had been captured by him passionately—she had touched it in their last moments together. She shrugged her shoulders with a sneer, and his eyes filled at her cruelty.

"What do you suppose there was in a boy like you to hold a woman like me?" she had asked.

It was the harshest thing she could have said, and he remembered that at that time he had broken down altogether. Good heavens, how preposterous he had been—how wrongly he had gone to work, always being pathetic and reproachful! Si la jeunesse savait, si in vieillesse pouvait!

However, it was over. He had not found balm for his wound in six months as she had prophesied, but in nine years he had married, and forgotten her existence entirely until it was recalled to him by the sight of her name in the visitors' list.

Now the recollections rushed back at him, and while he laughed at his former self as a fool, he was conscious of a strange tremor at the prospect of seeing her once more.

He loved his wife sincerely. Twelve months ago he could have contemplated meeting Mrs. Jernyngham without mistaking. But he had married twelve months ago, but it had naturally dispelled the romance. After all, to be "in love" with a woman is a greater safeguard against others than to "love her." He was bound to acknowledge to himself that he was frightened at the thought of seeing Mrs. Jernyngham again. He had, as a matter of fact, avoided the Casino since he knew she was in Dieppe.

He put down his paper, and looked across at Nellie, reading a Tauchnitz novel. How pretty she was, and how distrustful! What would she say, could she divine his present mood? Senseless as it was, it would cut her to the heart. Bah, he was a fool—why should that make him afraid to venture out of doors? He was not fond of her still—of course he was not.

The Tauchnitz novel dropped to Mrs. Maxwell's lap.

"What are you thinking about darling?" she asked.

"I was thinking how charming you look in that frock, my dear," he answered. He preserved the habit of making graceful speeches to his wife. Cynical bachelor friends said he forgot who she was—that it was the force of habit.

She shook her head doubtfully.

"There was a nasty black wrinkle between your eyebrows, Jack, and you were tugging your mustache, as you always do when you're 'put out.' I do look charming in this frock, I admit—but you weren't thinking so."

He obeyed a sudden impulse.

"Nellie, come here. Do you remember, soon after we were married, you asked me a question. You asked me if I had ever cared deeply for another girl than yourself?"

"I remember," said Nellie. "Yes."

"I told you what an infernal idiot I had once made of myself over a married woman. I asked you, too, never to use a certain scent because it reminded me of her. You know all that?"

"I know, I know, go on!"

"Well, she's here, that's all, and—confound it—I'm rather sorry."

"Oh!" said Nellie. And then there was a pause between them. She was the one to break it.

"It's—quite all over, Jack? She couldn't, she daren't, attempt to—? You're married—you would simply have to howl and pass on. Besides, by your own account she was well, she didn't care for you any more. Why should you mind seeing her?"

"I don't know," he muttered irresolutely; "I'd rather not, that's all. Anyhow, let's talk of something else. We are leaving Dieppe the end of the week; as a matter of fact, I dare say I shall never come across her!"

Mrs. Maxwell, however, was not satisfied. For one thing, she wanted to remain longer in Dieppe than they had at first proposed, and for another, she objected on principle to her husband being nervous of a rencontre with any woman in the wide, wide world.

"Come for a walk," she said, "and don't be such a stupid boy. One would think you were in love with her now, to hear you talk. You'll make me jealous!" And she made a flirtatious pretence at a laugh which would have deceived no living soul but a husband.

"Get ready, I'm going to put on my hat—and if you're very good you shall come and watch me lose all our money in the Casino."

She had never been more bewitching or coquettish in their courtship than she was during that evening. Far more plainly than the man himself, she realized that she had a rival—though it might be only a memory—and she put forth all her forces to annihilate her. Beautiful, doubtless? Jack would never have been captured by a woman who was not good looking. And a woman of the world also? Jack hated school girls! "Nevertheless," mused Mrs. Maxwell, contemplating her reflection complacently in one of the mirrors of the gaming rooms, "I think I ought to be capable of holding my own against the lady, I really do!"

The wrong horse came in again, and Jack, undeterred by ill fortune, she drew "kicked from the bowl."

She lifted her head she felt her eyes beside her give a galvanic start. Next instant, following the direction of her gaze, she knew the woman. In the British Isles and Belgium the average is 5 feet 9½ inches, the Irishman standing higher than any of any other nationality in the world.

of that, or if I dare venture on an heroic course?"

"My darling, don't you think we've played this idiotic game long enough?" said Jack in a strained voice. "Let us go into the terrace."

So he could not even trust himself in the same room with her, couldn't he? It was too bad, really, it was humiliating. "You go, dearest," replied Mrs. Maxwell, sweetly. "I know you wish to be here, and I am much too infatuated to leave off yet myself. Go and smoke your cigar in peace and the fresh air, and come back for me when you've finished it. I shall be perfectly safe, and I mean to 'break the bank!'"

Jack departed obediently, and out of the toll of her eye his wife watched the other woman take note of it.

"Now, will she follow him or not?" she asked herself. "Not just yet, I suppose—it would be too marked. Patience!"

It was ten minutes later when Mrs. Jernyngham sauntered carelessly from her place at the table out through the glass door, and Mrs. Maxwell clasped her hands in her lap with sudden nervousness. After all it was an heroic course. Had she been rash and foolhardy? There was moonlight outside, and the lapping of waves. Fatal adjuncts to such a matter! In the moonlight, too, the creature's appearance would be softened and refined. She had made a mistake, perhaps—she had placed him in a temptation she would have avoided. Should she join him to rescue him, while there was still time? No! She would not, she would stand her chance. Moonlight or no moonlight, she would risk it. Two chances more—and the devil take the hind-most!

They came face to face—she had planned it so—and her slight gesture of surprise was perfect.

"Mr. Maxwell—yes? Is it possible?"

"How do you do, Mrs. Jernyngham?"

"—He was going to say he was pleased to meet her, but decided not to."

"I did not know you were in Dieppe. Have you been here long?"

"I have been here, with my wife, about a month," he answered.

"With your wife? Really?" She gave a faint smile—a smile he remembered very well. "So you are married—am I to congratulate you?"

"Thank you," he said; "you are very kind. Your husband is—"

"He's dead; so don't inquire about his health. You were always making blunders of that sort." She laughed.

"I used to correct you in that fashion long ago, didn't I? You see, I haven't changed. Well, well, well, and so you're married? I told you you'd marry—you didn't believe me then!"

"Ah, but you were right."

"Of course I was right. Shant we sit down?—or won't your wife let you? I say, are you henpecked? You used to be the sort of boy who'd be henpecked. Perhaps you've improved since those days."

"Perhaps I have. There are two chances!"

"Thanks. Do you know this is very funny to me, to meet you in the capacity of a married man? Do you remember how you used to vow that never, never, never!—She broke off and burst into laughter again. "And shall I own something? After you were gone—sometimes when I was inclined to be sentimental—I used to half believe you."

She leaned forward, and fixed her eyes on him in just the manner he used to find so irresistible. Somehow it seemed less distracting now. The eyes had not altered perhaps, but her face was older, and that expression looked out of place on it. There was even a sadness to him in beholding the change that time had wrought in her. The woman whose memory had thrilled him so was gone. He had thought about her so much, and now she did not exist. It was pathetic, and—what was more painful still—this wreck of Nora Jernyngham could not join with him in mourning for her. He wept alone.

"You are not glad to see me!" she said.

He was not; he was sorry. His very soul was full of regret, of sympathy. But he could not tell her so, and he listened for ten minutes courteously to her distressing provocations, her disheartening pleasantries. Then he rose.

She would not make a conquest of him again. She knew it perfectly; he had escaped from her chariot wheels for all time.

"Then I suppose this is the last time you will be likely to see me?" she said shaking hands in goodby.

"I suppose so," he answered. But to himself he said that the last time he had ever seen her had been nine years ago.

Mrs. Maxwell looked up inquiringly as he returned to her.

"Amused yourself, dearest?" she said innocently.

"I shall be amused to-morrow," replied Maxwell. "When I can laugh at myself! To-night, somehow, I cannot."

And Mrs. Maxwell, understanding, was content.—Black and White.

Green Rye as a Potato Fertilizer.

Some of the most successful potato growers in Minnesota have found it profitable to sow winter rye in the fall on land to be planted to potatoes next spring. They plow it under between May 20 and June 1, pulverize the ground thoroughly and plant the potatoes immediately in the usual way. If preferred, the potatoes may be plowed in, dropping them into every third furrow.

The result is almost invariably a good, smooth, handsome potato. If the land is poor, requiring the application of manure, it is best to apply it to the previous crop, or at least to the rye after seeding it in the fall. This will insure smooth potatoes free from scab or rot, which is liable to affect potatoes when manure is applied directly to the land in spring. By sowing rye and plowing it under before planting potatoes, the land will be as free from weeds as it is possible to make it with any other method of culture. The green rye plowed under will also add to the soil a large amount of humus, enabling it to retain moisture better in case of prolonged drouth.—Orange Judd Farmer.

"Wife" is the Word.

A clergyman who recently entered upon certain work in Maine says he "did this after consultation with his companion in the home." It might not have been quite so ministerial, but it would have sounded better if he had said "did this after talking with his wife." The word "wife" is much better for daily use than "companion in the home."—Kennebec Journal.

A number of close observers have come to the conclusion that the average height of a male American is greater than it is believed to be. In the United States the average is 5 feet 8½ inches. In the British Isles and Belgium the average is 5 feet 9½ inches, the Irishman standing higher than any of any other nationality in the world.

The Wildcat That Stole Three Traps.

HERE had come a snow that fell, and rather a deep and an early one, too, for the Piney Woods country, and Col. Bill was turning the interior of his cabin blue on account of it, for it had interfered seriously with a grand possum hunt he had planned, and which was to have come off over in Gum Swamp that night. His language, in fact, was so extremely warm that Sam McRay remarked:

"Ef you'd jes' turn on take a sally from hyer to the swamp, cunnel, un keep yer swar talk het up to the pint whar it's het to now, I reckon you'd melt all that ar snow like dre in the woods, un we'd hunt that possum, whether or no."

Before Col. Bill could reply to Sam, in came Angus Duff, from 'way on the east side of the swamp, and Col. Bill said:

"Wal, boys, ef we can't go out arter any game, hyers Angus, un you kin bet that he'll set right hyer a-keepin' his feet het, un slaughter enough fer us in the next quarter'n hour to rise our ha'r, even ef we don't git none to it to eat."

Angus had a reputation in the Piney Woods, and he had hardly drawn up to the fireplace before he started in to keep that reputation good.

"It's a mighty good thing fer me, I want ter tell you, sah, un I didn't have four traps," said he, "fer ef I had I'd a lost 'em all, un I'd a wilecat, too. Un it'd a ben slawhways luek fer me ef I'd a lost that ar wilecat, I want ter tell you, sah. Any wilecats on this hyer side of the swamp?"

"Hadt'n see none not till you come over," replied Col. Bill.

"Sloglar," continued Angus, ignoring Col. Bill's pleasant insinuation. "Dunno 'tis nuther. They've ben mighty skeerer over on 'other side, too, but thur skeerer now, though, than they was last week. Not much, nuther. Only by one, which ain't a heap, ef you go by count, but ef you calculate I reckon ter git un cussedness an' sitch, I coudin you mout set it down as skeerer by about nine than they was last week."

"It's rale astondin' what a cat that ar wilecat was!" continued Angus. "It beats ol' Hickory Jackson. I want ter tell you, sah! I know a heap about wilecats, un the minute I seed this critter I know'd it was a critter sitch as had never sot foot anywhar 'round Gum Swamp before—not in my day, sholy. The minute I seed it? Why, I want ter tell you, sah, I know that ar cat was a mighty wonder a good many minutes afore I seed it at all. You see, Cunnel, I wasn't lookin' fer wilecats, not a mite. My ol' woman she had'n been 'totin' herse' 'er very peert fer nar furdur than a week back, un 'pear like her pone un bacon don't 'gree with her right smart, un 'other day she do, clard' to me ut she must sholy have some pattidge meat or rabbit, un 'so I tuck my gun un went out along the aidge of the swamp to shy up a pattidge or a rabbit, un thar I see the track of that ar wilecat in the snow. You never could a-know'd from that ar track, Cunnel—nobody would a-know'd—ut the critter ut sot it thar in the snow had my ber p'nts a-hangin' to it than mout be stickin' to why I shoudn't make a soty side show of it, not forgettin' the ol' woman's pattidge or rabbit, so I follered on the trail. I follered it a mile, un I want ter tell you, sah, ut yer Uncle Angus was tuck back a heap to see that ar trail come to an end jes' ez sudden ez if there had'n't never ben no trail in that ar snow. Yes, sah, gone like squeezin' a tetch-me-not-pool, sah, sholy!"

"I looked up, un I looked down, un I looked sideways, un I looked stanchways," but thar wasn't no sign nowhar of any more wilecat tracks, un thar wasn't a hole now a tree nowhar nigh thar whar the witch of a cat cud a stuffed itself; jes' only a stretch of snow, nowhar mark or a spot on ter it, nowhar round thar ut I could see.

"This hyer cat," says I, "'pears like I doin' miracles, un thar ar ain't the kind of wilecat ut shud be runnin' loose in the piney woods," says I. "It behooves me," I says, "ter soty look a tettle furdur inter the do'n's of it, I says."

"While I was cogitaterin' I looked a right smart ways furdur ahead than I had looked afore, un I seed a bunch of somethin' layin' on the snow. Bein' somethin' cur'us to larn what that ar bunch mout turn out to be, I walked up thar, un as I drawed nigh I seed ut was a bunch of feathers, un thar was a right much of a sprinklin' of blood around it, un the snow was skeetered about considerable. When I got clear ag'in the spot I seed ut them ar feathers was pattidge feathers, un arguatin' from that ar pint I figgered it out ut natchly that ar blood was pattidge blood. I want ter tell you, sah, ut I was tuck back then a mighty slight furdur'n I was when I struck the end of that ar wilecat's trail, un I'll bet my crap of tarpentine ut thar ain't a man hyer, sah, but what'd ben tuck back ez fer ez I was."

"I aint see no soty reason what fer a man shud be tuck back a mighty slight jes' by seein' a bunch of feathers un a sprinklin' of blood on the snow, I can't," said Col. Bill. "I can't, 'sally!"

"Sartin you can't," admitted Angus. "Feathers un blood on the snow wasn't what tuck me back. I want ter tell you, sah, un what you reckon it whar the tuck me back? Jes' only 'kase that ar wilecat's tracks started in ag'in right whar them ar feathers un blood laid in the snow. What did that mean? It didn't mean nothin' only ut from whar I come to an end of that ar wilecat's trail to whar I found it ag'in was as nigh to sixty foot ez I could pace it out, sah. Kin wilecats fly? I hain't never heard of none doin' it. Thar wasn't no water twixt the endin' of that ar trail un its beginnin' ag'in, un so I declare the wilecat coudn't a gwim 'twixt them two p'nts. How did it so fer to get thar, then? Jumped. Jes natchly jumped. Comin' to the place whar I seed the trail 'satin' that ar wilecat diggin' fer to git in outen the cold. Now thar wasn't no tracks in the snow 'twixt thar un whar the pattidge had ben settin', but thar was heaps of tracks leadin' away from them ar feathers un blood. I coudn't say no more, cunnel, 'bout the p'nts of that ar wilecat. I want ter tell you, sah, not ef I talked fer hours."

"Angus," exclaimed Colonel Bill, "the wilecat never done it."

"You kin jes' bet you, sah, ut that ar pattidge wud like to think so," replied Angus. "I only wish that ar wilecat had'n done it, 'kase then I'd a got that ar pattidge myself, un things wud a run gibber when I got back home, that ben't the only sign of pattidge I seed all day, un the ol' woman had to go to bed ag'in on pone un bacon. I mout a seed some hear's ef I had'n't ben tuck so with the pin'ts 's that ar wilecat un kep' a follerin' it, 'kase I was bound to git it. But I didn't git it that day, so I sot a trap fer it. Next mornin' I says, 'I'll go out un look at that ar trap.' I want ter say to you, sah, I was a liar! I didn't look at that ar trap at all. Why? 'Kase it wasn't thar. That ar wilecat had ben thar, but it had gone off ag'in. Un it had tuck my trap 'long with it. I want ter say to you, sah, thar ar riled me. When I git riled right smart it takes a heap to hold me back, un I want to tell you, sah, ut that ar jes' mout thar riled me. Un ef I had'n't a made up my mind already ut I was bound to succummary that ar wilecat I'd a made it up, then, sholy. 'Kase I don't never calculate to let no wilecat nor no other soty wile hear's come un sally off with my be-longin's, sah, so, cunnel, I sot out my two mout traps, un I sot 'em with two miles betwixt 'em."

"One of them traps is bound to hold that ar wilecat, sholy," I says. "Ef it don't tother un will," I says.

"Nex' mornin', I went to one of them traps. Didn't do nothin' of the sote! I went to whar one of them traps was the last time I seed it, un I want ter tell you, sah, it wasn't thar! Now, cunnel, I ain't much on the swar, ez you mout know, but I bet you my crap of turpentine, sah, ut ef thar had any piney woods man ben goin' through that way jes' that minute, he'd a stopped un stuffed his fingers in his ears, un said:

"I do declare! Jes, hark to ef' Cunnel Bill! What fer ever cud rise up un rife him like that ar?"

Col. Bill's vocabulary of expletives is comprehensive and robust and he drew largely upon it in expressing his opinion of Angus after that remark of Angus's. The wilecat hunter waited patiently and unmoved until Col. Bill was through, and then said:

"Thar, boys! That's somethin' nigh to the swar talk I cut loose when I seed ut thar ar wilecat had sallied off with that ar other trap of mine, un I want to tell you, sah, I jes' soty made a right smart of a double-cyke todes that ar thud trap of mine. Todes whar I left it, I better declare, I reckon, 'kase that ar trap was gone, jes like 'tother ones!"

"This hyer wilecat is doin' miracles, sholy," I says. "The piney woods mout be get ag'in of this hyer wilecat," I says, 'or Gahrd' it be a fytin' next."

"But thar I was, I didn't have no more traps to put out to ketch that ar wilecat, un thar I was. I want ter tell you, sah, ut I sholy got ez wile ez that ar cat was."

"Gallywipe him!" I did declare. "I'll lay fer that ar wilecat with a gun, un I hain't low!"

"I reckon I aint fer that ar cat three days un nights, un las' night I cotched sight of him sallyin' todes my chicken pen. He walked like he was totin' a load, but jes' about three minutes arter I seed him he'd a walked a heap heavier, ef he could a walked at all, 'ase he had a big load of my buckshot in him, un it topped him in the snow. That he laid, un I sallied up to fease' my eyes on him, now ut he had quit bein' a wonder. I want ter tell you, sah, he had'n't quit! No, sah! I do declare he was a heap slight mightier a wonder yit than I had sot him down to be. Thar on one fore leg he had one of my traps, on 'tother fore leg thar hung another of my traps, an' stickin' to one of his hind legs thar was that 'tother un last trap of mine! Un in his hind he had a han'ful of buckshot, but he rix up in the snow an' come rushin' fer me. I declare, I had to put my second load of buckshot in that ar cat un then squash his head with a club afore the piney woods was shet of him."

"Hickory Jackson!" I says, "It's a mighty good thing fer me ut I didn't have four traps, fer ef I had I'd a lost 'em all un the wilecat, too, un thar'd ben slawhways luek fer me, sholy!" I says.

"'Kase I want ter tell you, sah, un I'll bet my crap of tarpentine on it, ut that ar wilecat had 'jes' set in to clean me out of traps, un was only hangin' round fer me to git a fourth one, he hain't room fer one mo'. Then he'd a gone off with 'em all un never come back. Cunnel, that wilecat was a mighty wonder! Don't you reckon so?"

But all that Col. Bill said was:

"What'd I tell you, boys? What's the use of goin' out un follerin' a pore peaceful possum when we kin set hyer un see this hyer amazin' Angus slaughter wilecats setch as them un him nor us never gittin' our feet wet?"

The boys said there wasn't any use. Angus smiled, and would have gone right on and slaughtered a bear or two, doubtless, ef Col. Bill had set out any inducement, which Col. Bill did not—New York Press.

Simple Pasteurizing.

The work being done at the Wisconsin experiment station in pasteurizing milk and cream for public use and sending the same to patrons as far away as Chicago suggests a new and profitable occupation for women, as it is by no means a difficult process, says Mary Wager-Fisher in the American Agriculturist. It can be done by independent householders, providing the temperature is maintained at the right point and ice can be had for rapid cooling. The process consist of heating the milk in closed jars to a temperature of 130 degrees Fahrenheit, holding it there for twenty minutes, and quickly cooling. The milk should be less than twelve hours old; the fresher the better presumably. Every housekeeper knows how to cook the contents in closed glass jars—by standing them on a board in the bottom of a vessel partly filled with water and closely covering the same. This method is claimed to kill at least 90 per cent of the bacteria. Being done in close vessels, there is no marked escape of gases. Milk that is separated, and the cream as well, is purer than when set to rise the cream in the old-time way, because the centrifugal force of the separator drives impurities, including microbes, to the walls of the separator, where they adhere. As the sterilization of milk is found to be so unsatisfactory for continued use, this method of pasteurization is very important.

Sun Yat Sen, China's Patriot Reformer. His Checkered Career

SUN YAT SEN is a name that may become immortal in Chinese history. He is a patriot who aims at nothing short of a revolution. He would overthrow the Tartar dynasty which has so long overridden and overborne three hundred millions of Chinese. He would institute reforms that might place China on a level with the civilized nations of the world. If he succeeds, the China of the future will call him blessed. If he fails he will die the death of a traitor. What says the old poet?—

Treason doth never prosper. What's the reason? For when it prospers none dare call it treason. Treason's name is but a word that liveth in the ears of men. Treason's name is but a word that liveth in the ears of men.

Sun Yat Sen is a native of Canton. He studied medicine in that city under an English physician, and later practised his profession in Honolulu. While there his attention was drawn to the doctrines of the "Young China" party, whose aim was to overthrow the Manchu dynasty and give a constitution to China. He became an enthusiastic convert to these doctrines. Returning to China, he soon rose to be a leader among the revolutionaries. His headquarters were at Hongkong. Hither he drew a number of Chinese from the province of Canton with the object of organizing a conspiracy. The viceroys of Canton were first to be captured. The entire province was to be overrun. Canton freed, it was to be used as a base of operations to clear the whole of China from its conquerors and raise a new and free country on the ruins of the old despotism.

Before he could strike a blow the plot was discovered by the viceroys. Sun Yat Sen and some thirty or forty of the conspirators were arrested while traveling through the province secretly enlisting recruits. Fifteen were summarily put to death. In some manner never yet known Sun escaped and made his way to San Francisco. This was five years ago.

In San Francisco he made the acquaintance of a brilliant young Chinese, the editor and publisher of a Chinese paper. Sun converted him to his way of thinking. The paper at once became a power in spreading arguments in favor of the emancipation of China. Sun Yat Sen went on to other cities in the United States. Everywhere he stirred the Chinese to aid his cause. Among his converts were many Chinese graduates of Yale and Harvard. At last he went to England. It is supposed his purpose was to interest the English foreign office in his scheme, in order that they might thus combat the influence which the Russians exercised in China through the closeness of their relations with the Tartar rulers. There had been a price upon his head ever since the discovery of the plot against the viceroys of Canton. One day while passing the Chinese embassy in London he was accosted by two Chinamen. They lured him into the legation building, with which he was unfamiliar. There an elderly Englishman, who, he afterwards learned, was Sir Halliday Macartney, the long-time English secretary of the Chinese legation, placed his hand upon him and said, "You are now in China."

He added that Sun would be detained and sent secretly to China. Sun had already made many friends, who had influence with the British foreign office. As soon as he disappeared they suspected the cause, and set a watch upon the people of the Chinese mission and the people of the legation. The premises meanwhile were carefully guarded so that no one international usages the British government was powerless to search the embassy. Not until it was discovered that the Chinese minister was chartering a ship for China were the friends of Sun positive as to his whereabouts.

As he had become a British subject during his residence at Hongkong, his release was readily effected, Sir Halliday himself shaking hands with the reformer when they parted.

For the next two years he spent the greater part of his time in the larger cities of the United States and Canada, in the Pacific Islands, in Singapore, Macao and Japan—wherever, in short, Chinese were to be found in any number. In the meantime Kwang-Yu-Wel, the great reformer, had reached the ear of the emperor, who, though a Tartar himself, saw that the continuance of his dynasty depended on his yielding to the demands of the more progressive Chinese and putting China on a footing of equality with other nations by developing schools, free papers, commerce and mechanical industries.

Kwang Su immediately began to put these ideas in operation. The Chinese people were delighted. The reformers had gained their first victory. Then the ruling Tartars and the "literati," who governed China, seeing that their offices would soon be at an end, planned the great coup whereby the empress dowager dethroned the emperor, assumed supreme control and banished all reformers. Straightway the reform movement, which before had been unorganized, was solidified into one great society, with headquarters at Singapore and branches at San Francisco and other important cities with large Chinese populations. Millions of dollars in money were freely subscribed for the cause. The purchase of arms and supplies of war was arranged for.

Now that the allied forces have driven the Tartars from Peking, the reformers have placed their men in the field. Over twenty thousand of them are under arms at the city of Wei-Chau, near Canton, in such a position as to practically control the situation there. The viceroys can depend with certainty only on the few Manchu and Tartar guards whom he has with him. The bulk of his provincial forces are Cantonese, who hate him as much as the reformers do, and who will in all probability flock to the standards of Sun Yat Sen.

In the valley of the Yang-tse-Kiang, and at near Ta-Tung, the reformers have nearly 50,000 men. They are preparing to march northward to meet with others, who will rescue the emperor, and, placing him at their head, return either to

China's Cruel Fashion.

Supposed Origin of Binding the Feet of Children.

All who have the slightest knowledge of China have heard of the custom of binding the feet of Chinese girls, but few are acquainted with the painful process adopted to secure the diminutive feet which the Chinese prize so highly. It is not known how this cruel custom originated, and the Chinese themselves seem to be uncertain as to when it was adopted, but tradition relates that a certain empress of China, somewhere back in the twilight of Chinese history, was afflicted with club feet, and compelled all the ladies of the court to bind their feet. In the attempt to secure artificially the same deformity which nature had inflicted upon her.

There are two distinct styles of binding the feet in vogue among the Chinese, but the process is the same in both cases, the different results being secured by the way in which the binding is done. The instrument used is a small roll of firm cotton webbing about two and one-half inches wide. This webbing must have no stretch or give to it, and is woven especially for such use. The process is usually begun when the girls have reached the age of six or seven years, though in some cases where a particularly dainty pair of "golden lilies," as the Chinese call these poor deformities, is desired, the binding is begun as early as the third or fourth years.

The foot is taken and all the toes except the great toe bent under the instep, which is thus forced up. When this has continued for some time and the foot has become quite pointed in shape and the instep considerably arched, the binding is extended and the heel and toes drawn together, thus preventing the growth of the foot in length. In the style of binding in North China greater pains are taken to preserve the pointed effect, while in southern China the shortness of the foot is so much desired that the pointed effect is almost lost and the feet become mere stumps.

The excruciating pain endured by Chinese girls in the process of foot binding is impossible to describe. Taken young, while the feet are growing, they are bound and wrapped so tightly with the webbing that circulation is almost entirely cut off, and the bandage is left on just as long as possible, for it is a saying that every dressing of the feet loses a mite of daintiness. But the worst of it is that the torture is drawn out through a lifetime, for the binding can never cease. The seams and fissures caused in the feet by their distortion become sore and often gangrene sets in and carries off the sufferer. In order to prevent this it is customary to powder the feet with saltpetre while binding them, thus literally putting them in pickle to preserve them. The result of this binding is that all the weight of the body in standing is thrown on the heel and the foot loses the power to balance the body. A small-footed woman cannot stand still, but like one on stilts she must constantly be stepping backward or forward to keep her balance.

It is strange how this cruel fashion, which has fastened itself on the Chinese women, to whom it has become the badge of respectability, and whose elegance and distinction are measured by the greatness of their deformity. The most advantageous marriages are made by those whose "golden lilies" are the most petite, and those otherwise undesirable become prizes if possessed of tiny feet.

The custom is peculiar to the Chinese for the Mongols and Manchus have never adopted it; but so dear is it to the Chinese that the greatest emperor of the present dynasty, who successfully imposed upon the Chinese the wearing of the queue as a badge of submission, did not dare to stamp out the custom of binding feet, though he prohibited the practice within the limits of his capital at Peking. The work of missionaries is, however, beginning to make itself felt, and native societies are at last pressing to abolish the cruel and ancient custom.

The Odor of the Kudau Vine.

The kudau vine, which has become so valuable in rapidly covering trellises, pillars and buildings, has been esteemed mainly on this account. Its growth of over a hundred feet in a single season is truly amazing. It was distributed as Dolichos Japonica, though it is now said its proper botanical name is Pachyrhizus Thunbergianus, derived from its enormous roots. It appears that where the plant has become strongly established, all the branches of the past year do not die back to the ground. From the thick, bean-like flowers issue, they are so hidden by the foliage as to be unobserved, but soon make themselves known by a delightful odor that is wafted to long distances around.—Mechanics' Monthly.

Fame.

"Opportunity comes once to every man."

"That's right; and any man is bound to become famous if he only lives long enough."

"Oh, I don't quite believe that."

"You don't? Suppose a man lives to be 150 years old. Wouldn't that make him famous?"—Philadelphia Record.

Pekin or Nanking, there to found a government.

There are among the reform forces many Americans, one of whom, Homer Lea, left San Francisco some months ago for the purpose of recruiting and drilling soldiers. Lea was a student at Stanford university, and said before he left there that he would practically become commander-in-chief of the Chinese revolutionary forces, and that he had hundreds of Americans, many of them soldiers, officers, university students and professors, who were willing to follow him to China. He sailed for Singapore, liberally supplied with money for expenses. A few weeks ago he wrote from Shanghai, saying that he was about to start for Canton, and that he took his life in his hands.

The opening of hostilities probably followed immediately upon his arrival at Canton. The Chinese Empire Reform Association in San Francisco gave a big dinner in one of the leading restaurants in Chinatown to celebrate the commencement of their struggle for independence. The managing director of the association, in an interview with a New York Herald reporter, stated that above all things the soldiers of the reform movement in China would respect the lives of foreigners; that their war was only against the Tartar invaders who had held the throne for two and a half centuries, and their only acts at the present time would be to restore the progressive and liberal Emperor Kwang Su to the throne from which he had been deposed by the ignorant and vicious dowager empress.

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